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THE

BRISTOL

GARLAND,

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FOUR PARTS.

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TEWKESBURY:

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T H E

BRISTOL GARLAND.

P A R T I.

**A** Merchant's son of worthy fame,  
From the town of Bristol came,  
Unto a sweet and pleasant green,  
Where little girls are to be seen.

Who usher'd in the month of May,  
With flow'ry garlands fresh and gay,  
With music for to entertain  
The youthful charming rural plain.

Amongst these youthful ladies bright,  
None did exceed for red and white  
Lucy, a shepherd's daughter fair,  
She like an angel did appear.

The merchant's son who never knew,  
Before that time what love could do,  
Began to feel an inward flame  
So with these words to her he came :

Thou charming beauty of the day,  
Who far exceeds the month of May,  
And all the beauties of the plain,  
Do not my humble suit disdain.

She answer'd with a modest voice,  
Sir, you're mistaken in your choice,  
Don't let your heart and love on me,  
Who am one of mean degree.

But a poor shepherd's daughter, fir,  
 With that he strait saluted her,  
 He did these words to her express,  
 My dear, I love you ne'ertheless.

How many men of worthy fame,  
 In former days that I could name,  
 Who made it their employ to keep  
 Their mighty flocks of lambs and sheep.

Then let us to thy father go;  
 And if he's willing to bestow  
 His daughter to me, I'll rejoice,  
 And be well pleased with the choice.

Accordingly she gave consent,  
 And to her father straitway he went;  
 Here he then treated long of love,  
 And that he would right constant prove.

The shepherd made him this reply,  
 Your suit I cannot well deny.  
 But let me tell you, worthy fir,  
 I nothing have to give with her.

But if you love for love's desert,  
 Then take her with all my heart:  
 All parties then were soon agreed,  
 So that they married were with speed.



## P A R T II.

NOW the wedding rites being done,  
 Belov'd the wealthy merchant's son,  
 To his dear parents brought his bride,  
 Who were it seems dissatisfy'd.



Because they understood that she,  
 Descended from a mean degree,  
 And was not worthy to be made  
 His bride, so they did her degrade,

Then to their son in wrath they spoke,  
 Saying, how dar'd you thus provoke  
 Your loving friend and parents dear?  
 Oh! it will break our hearts we fear,

He to his parents thus did say,  
 Hear me a word or two I pray,  
 She is my bride, my joy, and dear,  
 Oh! do not break her heart with grief,

Dear friends I cannot bear to hear,  
 My wife, my love, my joy, my dear,  
 Revil'd at such a rate as this,  
 Alas! she has not done amiss.

His parents said, since it must be so,  
 Pray take your jewel now and go  
 Out of doors, our hands we'll clear,  
 You shall not think to harbour here.

Begone, I say, depart the house,  
 I'll give you not one single souse,  
 Not any thing alive or dead,  
 Although you starve for want of bread.

Said he, 'Tis very hard indeed,  
 That in the greatest time and need,  
 You'll not relieve nor help your son,  
 So now farewell, your will be done.

Returning back with weeping eyes,  
 With bitter sobs and mournful cries  
 I'm grieved at the heart, said she,  
 That I was born to ruin thee.

Let not such thoughts disturb thy mind  
 Not sigh nor sobs, for thou shalt find,  
 I'll get my bread with pains and care,  
 And my crosses with patience bear.

Be thou content and all is well,  
 We'll with thy loving parents dwell,  
 And in regard we have no land,  
 I'll freely earn with my whole hand

I'll freely go to plough and cart,  
 I'll freely earn with my whole heart,  
 As thy poor father he has done,  
 Farewell the name of a merchant's son.

He did not only say, but behold,  
 In summer hot and in winter cold,  
 He'd reap and mow, and till the earth,  
 As if he came to it by his birth.



## P A R T III.

**B**UT here's a wonder now at last;  
 When eight yeart were gone and past,  
 He did to mighty riches rise,  
 And how it came none could devise.

But thus it was we understand,  
 He bought a little piece of land,  
 On which there was some stumps of trees,  
 The which he dug up by degrees.

Upon a day by chance he found,  
 When digging deep within the ground,  
 A lusty pot with antient gold,  
 As full as ever it could hold.

Though he was lusty, stout and strong,  
 He scarce could lug the same along,  
 For there was many a thousand pound,  
 Which he by mighty fortune found,

He purchased a vast estate,  
 And in those parts appeared great,  
 As any knight of worthy fame,  
 None knew as yet from whence it came.

While he grew rich, his parents they  
 Reduced were to sad decay,  
 By losses which they did sustain,  
 By land as well as ocean main.

They ow'd a thousand pound and more,  
 The cruel creditors therefore  
 On all that e'er they had then seiz'd,  
 Yet ne'ertheless they were not pleas'd.

But would have his body too.  
 So that for fear, alas he flew,  
 And forced was to hide his head,  
 While he and she wanted bread.

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 P A R T IV.

NOW while they were in this distress,  
 And nothing had wherewith to bless,  
 Themselves withal, glad tidings came,  
 Of their son's estate and wealthy fame.

The woman to her husband cry'd  
 Let's to our son, he will provide  
 A place for us, we need not fear,  
 Why should we lie and languish here.



If he should do so good a deed,  
 Now in our want and time of need,  
 'Tis more than we may expect,  
 Remember how we did reflect

On him and his beloved wife.  
 And said in wrath, that during life  
 By me they never should be fed.  
 Although they starv'd for want of bread.

This was my fault this was my sin,  
 How can I think he'll take us in,  
 Who did him throw quite out of door,  
 And bid him see my face no more.

But loving husband you shall find,  
 He's of a courteous heart and mind,  
 And shall receive us both in love,  
 Just as she said so it did prove,

For coming to his mansion place,  
 The son he thought it no disgrace,  
 To fall upon their bended knee,  
 So did his wife as well as he.

As from their knees they did arise;  
 His parents dear with weeping eyes,  
 Their grief and sorrow did relate,  
 Who had been most unfortunate.

Said he, most welcome parents dear,  
 Unto my habitation here,  
 Let not those tears of sorrow fall,  
 I have enough to serve us all.

Father, your debts I'll freely pay,  
 The world shall never have to say,  
 That e'er they lost a groat by you,  
 So bid your sorrows quite adieu.

Then did he feast and cloath them both,  
 And said, my parents pray henceforth,  
 In plenty live and take some ease,  
 At home with me, or where you please.

If here you are not free to live,  
 One hundred pounds a year I'll give,  
 If that won't serve you shall have two,  
 God gave it me thus to serve you.

Thus was he dutiful and kind,  
 Now sons and daughter's bear in mind,  
 How tender he was to his friends,  
 And thus my mournful ditty ends.

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